THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY ..

The Grand Babylon Hotel

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.) The strange goings on in a big London hostelry, which changes hands in rapid transit fashion, characteristic of the American millionaire who comes into possession of it and its mysteries.

CHAPTER I (Continued).

T'S this-let's have filleted steak and a bottle of Bass for dinner tonight. It will be simply exquisite. I shall love it." "But, my dear Nella," he exclaimed

"steak and beer, at Felix's! It's impossible, Moreover, young women still under twenty-three cannot be permitted "I said-steak and Bass, and as for being twenty-three, I shall be going in twenty-four tomorrow

Miss Racksole set her small white There was a gentle cough. Jules stood

It must have been out of a pure spirit of adventure that he had selected this table for his own services. Usually Jules did not personally wait at dinner. He merely hovered observant, like a captain on the bridge during the mute's watch. Regular frequenters of the ho-tel felt themselves honored when Jules

immediately back again. 'Mr. Rocco's compliments, sir, and he regrets to be unable to serve steak Bass tonight, sir."

fr. Rocce?" questioned Racksole

"Mr. Rocco," repeated Jules with firm-"And who is Mr. Rocco?"
"Mr. Rocco is our chef, sir."

Jules had the expression of a man who is asked to explain who Shakespeare was. The two men looked at each other. It seemed incredible that Theodore Rack-sole, the ineffable Racksole, who owned a thousand miles of railway, several towns and sixty votes in Congress,

towns and sixty votes in Congress, should be defied by a waiter, or even by a whole hotel.

Yet so it was. When Europe's effete back is against the wall, not a regiment of willtonaires can turn its flank.

Jules had the calm expression of a strong man, sure of victory. His face said: "You beat me once, but not this time, my New York friend."

As for Nella, knowing her father, she foresaw interesting events, and waited confidently for the steak.

confidently for the steak.

Theodore Racksole quietly; "I shall be back in about two seconds," and he strode out of the salle-a-manger.

No one in the room recognized the strode out of the salle-a-manger.

No one in the room recognized the millionaire, for he was unknown to London, this being his first visit to Europe for over twenty years. Had anyone done so, and caught the expression on his face, that man might have trembled for an explosion which should have blow, the entire Grand Babyion into the Thames.

Jules retired strategically to a corporate the had fired; it was the antag-He had fired; it was the antag-

onist's turn.

A long and varied experience had taught Jules that a guest who embarks on the subjugation of a waiter is almost always lost. The waiter has so many advantages in such a contest.

CHAPTER II.

How Racksole Obtained His Dinner. 1 EVERTHELESS, there are men morrow ting their own way, even as guests in an exclusive hotel; and Theodore Racksole had long since fallen into that useful practice—except when his only daughter, Helen, motherliess, but high-spirited girl, chose to the form of the border except when his only daughter, Helen, motherliess, but high-spirited girl, chose to the form of the border except with olive oil night and morning? This less, but high-spirited girl, chose to the form of the border except with olive oil night and morning? This was this border except with olive oil night and morning? This

their path. Jules, great and observant man though

he was, had not noticed the terrible projecting chins of both father and daughter; otherwise it is possible he would have reconsidered the question of the steak and Bass.

Theodore Racksole went direct to the

entrance hall of the hotel and entered Miss Spencer's sanctum.
"I want to see Mr. Babylon," he said,
"without the delay of an instant."

Miss Spencer leisurely raised her flax-I am afraid-" she began the usual It was part of her daily duty to dis-courage guests who desired to see Mr.

Babyion.
"No, no," said Racksole quickly. "I
don't want any 'I'm afraids.' This is
business. If you had been the ordinary
hotel clerk, I should have slipped a
couple of sovereigns into your hand
and the thing would have been done. As you are not, as you are obviously does the subject up brings in the whole far must see Mr. Babylon at once on an affair of the utmost urgency. My name is Racksole—Theodore Racksole."

"Lady Elicen Knox, Ranfurly's young day "Of New York?" questioned a voice at the door, with a slight foreign ac-

The millionaire turned sharply, and saw a rather short, French looking man, with a bald head, a gray beard, a long and perfectly built frock coat, eve-glasses attached to a minute silver chain, and blue eyes that seemed to have the transparent innocency of a

There is only one," said Theodore Racksole succinctly.
"You wish to see me?" the newcomer

suggested.
"You are Mr. Felix Babylon?"
The man bowed. "At this moment I wish to see you

than any one else in the world, Racksole. "I am consumed an said Racksole. "I am consumed and burnt up with a desire to see you, Mr. Babylon. I only want a few minutes' quiet chat. I fancy I can settle my business in that time

with a gesture Mr. Babylon invited the millionaire down a side corridor, at the end of which was Mr. Babylon's private room, a miracle of Louis XV furniture and tapestry; like most unmarried men with large incomes, Mr. Babylon has "tastes" of a highly expensive sort. ensive sort. The landlord and his guest sat down

opposite each other.

Theodore Racksole had met with the usual millionaire's luck in this adventure; for Mr. Babylon made a practice of not allowing himself to be interviewed by his guests, however distinguished, however, wealthy, however mand independent of other federal departments.

If he had not chanced to enter Miss Spencer's office at that precise moment, and if he had not been impressed in a somewhat peculiar way by the physi-ognomy of the millionaire, not all Mr. Racksole's American energy and in-genuity would have availed for a con-fabulation with the owner of the Grand Babylon Hotel that night.

Theodore Racksole, however, was ig-Theodore Hacksole, however, was ignorant that a mere accident had served him. He took all the credit to himself. "I read in the New York papers some months ago," Theodore started, without even a clearing of the throat, "that this hotel of yours, Mr. Babylon, was to be sold to a limited company, but it ap-pears that the sale was not carried

"It was not," answered Mr. Babylon frankly. "And the reason was that the middlemen between the proposed com-pany and myself wished to make a large secret profit, and I declined to be a "'Cause yer can't!" said party to such a profit, They were firm; umphantly.—From Answers.

I was firm, and so the affair came to

I was firm, and so the affair came to nothing."

"The agreed price was satisfactory?"

"Quite."

"May I ask what the price was?"

"Are you a buyer, Mr. Racksole?"

"Are you a seller, Mr. Babylon?"

"I am," said Babylon, "on terms. The price was \$400,000, including the leasehold and the good will. But I sell only on the condition that the buyer does not transfer the property to a limited company as a higher figure."

"I will put one question to you, Mr. Babylon," said the millionaire: "What have your profits averaged during the less four years?"

"Thirty-four thousand pounds per annum."

num."
"I buy," said Theodore Racksole, smiling contentedly. "And we will, if you please, exchange contract letters on the spot."
"You come quickly to a resolution. Mr. Racksole. But perhaps you have been considering this for a long time?"
"On the contrary,"—Racksole looked at his watch—"I have been considering it for just six minutes."
Felly Babylon bowed, as one thoroughly accustomed to every eccentricity of wealth.

watch. Regular frequences tel felt themselves honored when Jules attached himself to their tables.

Theodore Racksole hesitated one second, and then issued the order with a fine air of carelessness: "Filleted steak for two and a bottle of Bass."

It was the bravest act of Theodore Racksole's life, and yet at more than one previous crisis a high courage had not been lacking to him.

"It's not in the menu, sir," said Jules the imperturbable.

The beauty of being well known."

Racksole continued, "is that you needn't trouble about preliminary explanations. You, Mr. Babylon, probably know all about me. I knew a good deal about you. We can take each other for granted without reference. Really, it is as simple to buy a hotel or a railroad as it is to buy a watch, provided one is equal to the transaction."

"Deacisely," agreed Mr. Babylon, smilling to but

to the transaction."

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Babylon, smiling, "Shall we draw up the little informal contract? There are details to be thought of. But it occurs to me that you cannot have dined yet, and might prefer to deal with minor questions after direct.

"I have not dined," said the million-aire, with emphasis, "And in that con-nection, will you do me a favor? Will you send for Mr. Rocco?" aire.

"You wish to see him, naturally."
"You wish to see him, naturally."
"I do," said the millionaire, and added: "About my dinner."
"Rocco is a great man," murmured Mr. Babylon, as he touched the bell, ignoring the last words.

compliments to Mr. Rocco," he said to the page who answered his sum-mons, "and if it is quite convenient I should be glad to see nim here for a moment." "What do you give Rocco?" Racksole

inquired.

"Two thousand a year and the treatment of an ambassador."

"I shall give him the treatment of an ambassador and three thousand."

"You will be wise," said Felix Baby-

At that moment Rocco came into the nfidently for the steak.

She did not feel hungry, and she uid afford to wait.

"Excuse me a moment, Nella," said relevant to the steak of the steak introduce Mr. Theodore Racksole, of New York."

a year."
"Tree, you said?" "Three

"Sharmed."
"And now, Mr. Rocco, will you oblige me very much by ordering a plain beef-steak and a bottle of Bass to be served, by Jules—I particularly desire Jules— at tab. No. 17 in the dining room in ten minutes from now? And will you do me the honor of lunching with me to-morfow?" Mr. Rocco gasped, bowed, muttered

by without a word or comment?
"From what date do you wish the purchase to take effect?" asked Baby-

not spend much money there, but it is you will soon see an improvement in my native land. I shall be the richest man in Switzerland."

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Way English Papers Print Society News

When a London paper prints an item about a person in society, it generally does the subject up thoroughly, and brings in the whole family connection.

"Lady Elleen Knox, Lord and Lady Ranfurly's young daughter, is suffer-ing from measles, which she contracted during Easter, when she was staying in Ireland, Lady Ranfurly, in consequence, has postponed the dinner party she was to have given tomorrow. Lady Elleen is one of the six young ladies chosen to bear the Queen's train at the coronation. Her only brother is Lord Northland, and her sister is Lady Constants. bear the Queen's train at the corona tion. Her only brother is Lord North land, and her sister is Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, a daughter-in-law of Lady Catherine Milnes-Caskell. Lord Ranfurly, it will be remembered, was for seven years governor of New Zea land."-Buffalo Express.

Switzerland's Trouble In Making Treaties

In Switzerland a new president is elected every year, and the heads of the various departments of the government retire with the president un-der whom they served. This system, it has been found, has serious drawbacks, for on several occasions while negotiating a treaty with a foreign power the dollar of 1801? Very truly, head of the political department—simihead of the political department—simi-lar to the Department of State of the United States-has been unable to car ry out the pact which he had bes because his term of office was at an

No Room for Doubt Upon This Issue

The afternoon was warm, holidays were approaching, and the teacher was

moment, and then replied in a tone of onviction: "Yes, mum."

The teacher sighed.
"Why, Johnny?" she asked. "Tell me And now the answer came quick and

pat: "'Cause yer can't!" said Johnny tri-

Secretary of the Treasury Departs For Summer Home in New Hampshire

Will Join Mrs. MacVeagh Mr. and Mrs. Howser After Brief Stop in New York.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, left Washington today for New York, where he will spend a couple days before going to Dublin, N. H., to join Mrs. MacVeagh at their summer home.

The Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, left Washington yesterday for trip through the West. He will spend the greater portion of his time in his home in Iowa.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, left yesterday. He has gone to Long Island for a fortnight. The Attorney General left for his

summer place at Cedarhurst, L. I., last evening, to join Mrs. Wickersham. Miss Esther P. Denny, daughter of Col. Frank L. Denny, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Denny, is spending the summer at "Walmond," Applegate, Cal. Miss Den-ny made an automobile tour of Southern California early in the season and she will join her parents in San Francisco, where Coloney Denny is stationed for

Miss Brosnan Weds John J. McCarthy.

The marriage of Miss Irene Brosnan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Brosnan, to John J. McCarthy, took place last evening at 6:30 o'clock in St. Martin's Catholic Church. the Rev. Eugene Hannan officiating in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and intimate friends.

and intimate friends.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a beautiful write satin gown, veiled in silver spangled net with crystal crnaments. Her veil was arranged with a coronet of liles of the valley and she carried a shower bouquet of liles of the valley and

ter's maid of honor, wore blue messa-line satin with a mob cap of lace trim-med with silver and blue ribbons. She carried an armful of Bridesmaid roses. Miss Catherine G. Bramhall and Miss Miss Catherine G. Bramhall and Miss Marie L. Vernon, the voung nieces of the bride, who were flower girls, wore white silk frocks and carried rosebuds. A large reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, at 77 U street, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy left#for Atlantic City. After September 15 they will be at home at 68 Adams street.

Rev. Dr. McLeod And Wife Return From Abroad.

The Rev. Dr. Donald Campbell Mc-Leod and Mrs. McLeod, who have been traveling in England and Scotland for the last two months, arrived in Wash-ington last evening from Montreal,

Lady Alan N. Johnstone, who accompanied her mother from Europe, has returned to England.

Mrs. James W. Pinchot, who has been in New York since early in the summer, has gone to Bar Harbor for the remainder of the season

Now in Nova Scotia

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Howser and Miss Marie Louise Howser, of Nineteenth street, are now in Nova Scotia They left Washington early in the season, going first to Norfolk, Providence, Boston, Digby, and Halifax. They will return to Digby for several weeks before coming back to Washington.

Representative and Mrs. Burleson left yesterday for their home in Texas. The Misses Burleson will remain here guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Beach, at their place near Rockville, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ennis announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie F. Ennis and Wallace B. Robinson, The wedding took place Wetnesday afternoon, August 23, at 3 o'clock at the bride's home, 338 N street southwest, the Rev. P. Murphy, of Epiphany Chapel officiating in the presence of a small party of relatives and intimate friends.

and intimate friends.

Miss Georgia Hummer was the bride's only attendant and H. A. Lepper was best man for the bridegroom.

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left Washington for a Northern wedding trip. After September 1, they will be at home at 605 Q street northwest.

Miss Simmons Weds

Wade H. Meadows Today. The wedding of Miss Ella McLendon Simmons, daughter of Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina and Mrs. Simmons, and Wade H. Meadows, took place today at noon in Newbern, N. C. in the Episcopal Church. A large gathering of relatives and friends at-tended. The church was beautifully adorned with green vines and white blossoms.

Mr. Meadows and his bride left Mr. Meadows and his bride left Newbern later in the afternoon for a Northern wedding trip. The bride has many friends in Washington, especially in Congress-ional circles.

Mrs Henry Corbin and her sisters, the Misses Patten, who have been in London and Paris, are now at Versallles.

Miss Goodman Entertains Mrs. Cosby.

Mrs. Spencer Cosby, wife of Col. Spencer Cosby, U. S. A., who is spending some time at Lenox, was the guest in compliment to whom Miss Rosalie Goodman entertained at luncheon yes-

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter, who are spending some time at Newport, were the dinner guests of Mrs. William B. Bristow last evening.

Mrs. James W. Pinchot Has Gone to Bar Harbor.

Austrian Counselor and Wife Sail on Return From Abroad.

thai-Linau, who went abroad early in the summer, have sailed from Breme for New York

Ambassador and Baroness von Hengel and early winter.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Kal-Kalman, of St. Paul, Jann., and Richard Edward Blacque Bey, chancellor of the Turkish embassy in Berlin, will take place this afternoon in the St. Paul Ca-

bridesmaid.

bridesmaid.

A large reception will follow at the home of the bride's parents.

The bridegroom was born in the United States when his father was Turkish minister in Washington.

season. Lieutenant Shunk is statione at the army war college.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Coulter are spend

merce Commission, and Mrs. Miles, have leased Highland Manor for the Mrs. A. Brylawski and daughter, Miss

Mountain House, where they have

Dr. B. K. Leon has returned, after spending some time in Atlantic City with his family. ding.
When the captain spoke to him he

guest of Mrs. Maurice Sinsheimer, of Georgetown, has returned to her home in Fredericksburg, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Borheine and son, Georgetown, are the guests of Mrs. Louis Simon at her apartment in At-

Miss Irene Adler, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been the guest of Mrs. Ben Einstein, left yesterday for her home.

Everybody's Question Box-Answers to Oueries

which case Theodore capitulated and fell with class into that useful practice—except on the note; note paper.

Fellx Babylon asked no questions, and it was this heroic absence of curiosity, of surprise, on his part, that more than anything else impressed Theodore Rack-building up the flesh of the entire body building up the flesh of the entire building up the flesh of the entire body building up the flesh of the entire building up the flesh of But when Theodore and his daughter happened to be going one and the same road, which was pretty often, then heaven alone might help any obstacle that was so ill-advised as to stand in their path.

Sole.

How many hotel proprietors in the world, Racksole asked himself, would have let that beefsteak and Bass go have le remove blackheads, and the use of pure soap and hot water with a complexion "Oh!" said Racksole lightly, "It doesn't matter. Shall we say tonight?"
"As you will. I have long wished to retire. And now that the moment has come—and so dramatically—I am ready. I shall return to Switzerland. One can-

> Times Inquiry Department Will you tell me if it is not proper for will you tell me it it is not proper for a bride to have her linen marked with the initials of her last name, and also the rea-son therefor? I would also like to know if it is proper for the groom and best man and ushers to wear full dress at a 6 o'clock wedding. Respectfully.

The bride always marks her linen with the initials of her maiden name, for the reason that it is considered part of her dowry-her contribution toward the new home. It would be better taste to use all of the initials than that of the last name, however. Dress suits are proper for a wedding that takes place at 6 o'clock.

Times Inquiry Department:

your complexion.

Please tell me if there is a premium on gold dollar of 1863? Very truly, M. Q. W. All gold dollars are at a premium and worth from \$1.25 to \$2 each. Those of 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867 command from \$2.50 to \$8 each.

Times Inquiry Department:

Where will I be able to procure a series of proverb pictures published in a contest about three years ago? Very truly,

Find the exact date, if possible, or at least the approximate date of the publication of the pictures, then call at the office of The Times, and the files of the paper will be placed at your disposal. Times Inquiry Department:

Your coin is worth from \$2 to \$4 if in good condition. Times Inquiry Department: Will you please give me the fable known as "The Rope of Ocnus?" or tell me where t can be found? I have searched the encyclopedia for it without success. Very

Is there any value attached to a half-

The expression is sometimes used to express profitless labor. It is also the name of a picture painted by Polygnotis in the fifth century before Christ. The artist is reputed to have first given life, character, and expression to painting. According to Pliny, he opened the mouths and showed the teeth of his were approaching, and the teacher was almost worn out in trying to drum the elements of granmar into the wooden craniums of he: pupils.

"Now, Johnny," she said, wearily, "tell me-would it be proper for you to say 'You can't learn me nothing?"

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied in a tone of the painter, who thereupon friend. painted a picture of a man weaving a rope of straw, while behind him stood

LOCAL MENTION.

Corn on the Cob Md. Lh. 1008 Pa. 610 gth

Will you please tell me what will make my face fuller as mine is very thin? Also tell me something that can be bought ready a donkey eating the rope as fast as it afford temporary relief, if the case through her subsequent frugality and thrift Ocnus finally rose to a position of much prosperity.

Times Inquiry Department: Kindly tell me through your columns what will clean a white ostrich feather without

Very truly, A CONSTANT READER. If not too much solled, the feather may be cleaned in gasolene. Use a wide-mouthed fruit jar for the purpose, filling it with gasolene and placing the feather in it. Allow it to remain overnight, then shake it out in the open air. If the feather is very much solled, it should be washed in soap and water. Shave four ounces of ivory soap in two quarts of boiling water, and beat to a string lather. Use while warm. Hold the quill of the feather in the left hand, dip it into the soap liquor, and squeeze it through the right hand, using a moderate pressure. When the feather is perfectly clean rinse in hot water, and afterward in cold water, to which a small quantity of blue has been added. Shake well and dry before a moderate fire, shaking it occasionally so that it will look full and fluffy when dry. Then curl each fiber separately with a blunt knife. During the summer, when the sun shines hot, it might be as well to

dry the feather in the open air. Times Inquiry Department: Will you please tell me what is laryngitis, and also what treatment to use for it?

Very truly,

S. M.

The disease is an inflammation of the larynx or upper part of the windpipe, the cartilagenous cavity that modulates the voice. The best advice I can give you is to see a doctor for the trouble, though possibly some simple remedy like the flaxseed-and-lemon tes might



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Times Inquiry Department: Is mercolized wax injurious to the com-plexion? Where can I get it? Which was the greater general, Caesar or Napoleon? Is Joan of Arc ranked as a general? Thank-ing you in advance, I am A CONSTANT READER.

A CONSTANT READER.

The preparation you mention is a proprietary article, about which I know nothing. It answer to your second question, it is a matter that each person must answer for himself after reading of the lives and achievements of these generals. Some historians give the greater credit to Caesar, others to Napoleon. Joan of Arc was beatified in 1894 by Pope Leo XIII, but while she was a great leader and commanded the French forces I do not believe that she French forces I do not believe that she was even commissioned a general.

Times Inquiry Department: Can you inform me where I can get the music of the old song. "Rock Me To Sleep?" I enclose a coupe of verses of the song, but there were other verses that I cannot recollect. Very truly. J. D. T. I am told that any music dealer will order the song for you if he does not have it in stock.

Street

The counselor of the Austro-Hunsarian embassy and Mme, von Loewen

The counselor will act as charge l'affaires during the absence of the muller, who will sail for Europe early next month, to remain during the fall

into it.

"Heave away, lads," said the captain, and soon they were alongside the island.
"Guess no one saw us land," said the captain, as they walked up the landing. "I wonder what the name of this place is, anyway," he said.

Just then he saw a sign on a building which read: "Land o' Nod."
"Land o' Nod," said the captain. "That is a queer name for an island. Helio! there is a man," he said; pointing to a man sitting in the doorway. nan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold

place this afternoon in the St. Paul Ca-thedral.

Miss Cecilia Kalman will be her sis-ter's maid of bonor, and Lady Kath-erine Beresford, daughter of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, will be the

Lieut, Col. William A. Shunk U. S. A., and Mrs. Shunk, who have been spending some time in Atlantic City, have arrived in Washington and have taken an apartment in the Brighton for the

Senator W. Murray Crane has joined his family at their country place, Dal-ton, Mass.

Balhazar Miles, of the Interstate Com of "tobaccy" he only opened his eyes as the first man had done and then

Hortense, have returned from the Blue

and began to nod again.

"This is the noddlest place I ever saw," the captain remarked to the six sallors. "Let us try the tavern." Miss Selma Ullman, who has been the

Lew Newmyer left today for Brad-dock Heights, Md. sailors. "Let us try the tavern."
But when they went in there sat the landlord nodding, and the boy stood by the door nodding, too.
The captain and his six sailors stood looking at them. "Wake up, ye nodding land lubbers," said the captain, pounding the table with his big hand, "we want something to eat."
The only reply he could get from

Alvin Newmyer, who has recently returned from Atlantic City, will leave the end of the week to joni his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Newmyer, at Braddock Heights.

cheek, but she only nodded.
"What ho, madam," said the captain;
"good madam, pray give us our dinner."
The good woman only nodded in reply,

"This is the Land o' Nod," they told him. "Every twenty-five years at the stroke of twelve at noon everybody begins to nod, and we keep nodding until the stroke of twelve at midnight. You and your friends were caught in the spell just before midnight and had to nod out your twelve hours, you see." "Howd'y', mate!" said the captain. The man opened his eyes and looked at them, but he closed his eyes and began nedding again. "He's a sleepy one," said the captain. "Let's move or." hours, you see." "But why do you nod?" asked the "Let's move on." They went into a store, but the store-keeper stood by the counter nodding and when the captain asked for a pound

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

LAND O' NOD.

looking for a whale, when all

at once he saw a large object and called

looked through his spyglass. "That isn't a whale," he said, "that is an island, but as we have not seen land in a long time suppose we land and look about a bit?"

The sailors lowered the boat, and the captain and his crew of six men got into it.

ing to a man sitting in the doorway of a building.

HOWDY MATE, SAID THE CAPTAIN

losed them again.

The captain and his six sailors went

"Can't ye wake up, mate?" asked the captain. But the only answer he re-

ceived was a nod.

The captain and his six sailors went

out and walked along the street. They saw a dog sitting in a doorway nod-

The only reply he could get from

to his captain, "There she blows!"

The captain ran up the ladder

NE day a ship was sailing along on a sea in a distant country, the man on the outlook was the man on the outlook was

"That is a curse sent upon this land by a sea goddess," said one. "She fell in love with one of our ancestors and wanted him to forsake the land and follow her, but he shook his head and said no, he would not wed a sea god-dess.

The stable boy sat in the doorway nodding and a cow stood nodding by the fence.

The captain looked at the six sailors; they were all nodding as they sat in a row on the grass.

The captain sat down beside them and

he began to nod.

As the town clock struck the hour of

his six sailors opened their eyes and stood up straight.

Soon a crowd of the town's people gathered around them.

gathered around them.

The strangers got caught, didn't they?" said one.

They are a queer looking lot," said another, laughing.

When the clock struck 12 at noon the next day the captain and the six sailors stopped nodding and opened their eyes and saw in front of them all the people laughing at them.

"What are you laughing at, you nodding lot of landlubbers?" said the captain.

"You have been doing considerable nodding yourself in the last 12 hours," was the answer. "We have always wondered how we looked, and now we know the last of the

the captain saw that it was of no use to get angry, so he asked: "What sort of a country as this?"

"This is the Land o' Nod." they told.

said no, he would not wed a sea goddess.

"She cursed the land, and as she
sank into the sea she said we should
nod once in twenty-five years for
twelve hours, so that the next time
she came for a lover he would be able
to nod his head and say yes instead
of shaking his head and saying no.
She has never returned, but the spell
remains with us."



"Well," said the captain, "that is a good story, but I cannot see what she gets out of it."
"Just noddings," replied the land-

either was a nod.

"We'll help ourselves," said the captain, "If they will not get our dinner.

Come along, lads."

The six sailors followed their captain Just then his wife came running out of the tavern and sald some one had. Come along, lads."

The six sailors followed their captain into the kitchen. There stood the pretty maid nodding over her dishpan and the landlord's wife in the act of stiring the soup was nodding, too.

One of the sailors stepped up to the pretty maid and kissed her on her rosy cheek, but she only nocoded.

will call, but not on the twenty-nith anniversary.

"You folks may be able to stand it," he said, rubbing his neck, "but it is no place for a foreigner on that day."

The captain and his six sailors got into their boat and rowed away, but every little while they would stop rowing and up their necks.

and one of the sailors grew bold and tasted the soup.

He winked at the captain and smacked rowing and rub their necks his lips. The captain and the five sail-ors understood that it was good, and so they tasted and tasted until it was

Life Preservers Gave Just Cause for Kick

A Sunday passenger on a New Jersey ferryboat studied out a complaint sufficiently important to make the head of the ferry official and his assistants take notice. She hunted up a deckhand and directed his attention to the life preservers stored in the

"Just look at these things," she said. "What's the matter with 'em?" he asked. "Matter?" said she. "They're dirty.

They cught to be washed. If a wom-

an with a nice summer dress on had

to put one of these dusty things on

over it, it would never be fit to wear again."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

deck ceiling.

Love Proves That It Still Is Blind

"Melissa is so romantie." "Anything romantic about her recent marriage?"

"Of course, You see, she had always dreamed of being rescued from drowning by a handsome six-footer with dark dreamy eyes and a Charles Dana Gibson chin. So when she was at the seaside in June she went out too Tarperhaps by design-and acreamed and splashed water and was rescued. And, say, the man who rescued her was a little sawed-off person with sandy hair,

a squint, and a pointed chin." "Good gracious, what did she do?" "She married him."-Cleveland Plain

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